

THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN

Pledged to the cause of Temperance.

TRI-WEEKLY.

Containing Articles, original and selected, on every subject calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers.

VOLUME I.

PUBLISHED BY THE COMMITTEE, EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY MORNING.

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THE COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN,
Three times a week, on a super-royal sheet.
It will be delivered to subscribers in the District, at two cents per number, payable weekly.

To distant subscribers it will be mailed at Two Dollars and fifty cents per year, payable in advance.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.
One square of 14 lines, one insertion, 37
two insertions 75
three 1 25
two weeks 1 50
one month 2 50
two months 3 00
three 3 00
six months 5 00
twelve 7 50
Professional cards of five lines, or under, 3 00 per year.

While the "COLUMBIAN FOUNTAIN" will be devoted to the cause of Temperance, its columns will be enriched by original articles on subjects calculated to interest, instruct, and benefit its readers. It is intended so to blend variety, amusement, and instruction, as that the various tastes of its patrons may be (as far as it is practicable) gratified. Commerce, Literature, and Science, and every other subject of interest, not inconsistent with Temperance and morality, will receive the earnest attention of the publishers. Nothing of a sectarian, political, or personal character will be admitted.

OPINIONS OF GREAT MEN.

Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunken.—*Holy writ.*

No proposition seems to me susceptible of more satisfactory demonstration than this—and I am sure no person can give it one hour's serious thought without assenting to it—that, in the present state of information on this subject, no man can think to act on Christian principles, or do a patriot's duty to his country, and at the same time make or sell the instrument of intoxication.—*Henry Ware, Jr.*

Can it be right for me to derive a living from that which is debasing the minds and ruining the souls of others, or that which is destroying forever the happiness of the domestic circle, and which is filling the land with women and children in a condition far more deplorable than that of widows and orphans; or which is causing nine-tenths of all the crimes, or nine-tenths of all the paupers in the community.—*Francis Wayland.*

I am deeply convinced that the evils of intemperance can never cease, till the virtuous in society shall unite in pronouncing the man who attempts to accumulate wealth by dealing out poison and death to his neighbor, as infamous.—*John Pierpont.*

I challenge any many who understands the nature of ardent spirit, and for the sake of gain continues to be engaged in the traffic, to show that he is not involved in the guilt of murder.—*Lyman Beecher.*

They who keep these fountains of pollution and crime open, are sharers, to no small extent, in the guilt which flows from them. They command the gateway of that mighty flood which is spreading desolation through the land, and are chargeable with the present and everlasting consequences, no less than the infuriated victim who throws himself upon the bosom of the burning torrent, and is borne by it into the gulf of woe.—*Samuel Spring.*

Say not "I will sell by the large quantity—I have no tippers about me, and therefore am not guilty." You are the chief man in this business, the others are only subalterns. You are a "poisoner general."—*Wilbur Fisk, D. D.*

The men who traffic in ardent spirit, and sell to all who will buy, are poisoners general; they murder his majesty's subjects by wholesale; neither does their eye pity nor spare. And what is their gain? Is it not the blood of these men? Who will envy their large estates and sumptuous palaces? A curse is in the midst of them. The curse of God is on their gardens, their walks, their groves; a fire that burns to the nethermost hell. Blood, blood is there: the foundation, the floor, the walls, the roof, are stained with blood.—*John Wesley.*

It is a principle in law, that the perpetrator of crime, and the accessory to it, are both guilty, and deserving of punishment. Men have been hanged for the violation of this principle. It applies to the law of God. And as the drunkard cannot go to heaven, can drunkard makers? Are they not, when tried by the principles of the Bible, in view of the developments of Providence, manifestly immoral men?—men who, for the sake of money, will knowingly be instrumental in corrupting the character, increasing the diseases, and destroying the lives of their fellow men. * * * Not only murderers, but those who excite others to commit murder, and furnish the known cause of their evil deeds, will, if they understand what they do, and continue to rebel against God, be shut out of heaven.—*Justin Edwards, D. D.*

You create paupers, and lodge them in your almshouses—orphans, and give them a residence in your asylum—convicts, and send them to your penitentiary. You seduce men to crime, and then arraign them at the bar of justice—immure them

in prison. With one hand you thrust the dagger to the heart—with the other attempt to assuage the pain it causes.—*Dr. Thomas Sewall.*

You are filling your almshouses, and jails, and penitentiaries, with victims loathsome and burdensome to the community. You are engaged in a business which is compelling your fellow citizens to pay taxes to support the victims of your employment. You are filling up these abodes of wretchedness and guilt, and then asking your fellow citizens to pay enormous taxes indirectly to support it.—*Rev. Albert Barnes.*

Whether you will hear or whether you will forbear, I shall not cease to remonstrate; and when I can do no more to reclaim you, I will sit down at your gate and cry Murder! Murder! MURDER! *Heman Humphrey, D. D.*

If men will engage in this destructive traffic, if they will stoop to degrade their reason and reap the wages of iniquity, let them no longer have the law book as a pillow, nor quiet conscience by the opiate of a license.—*Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

From the Yale Literary Magazine.

The Mother's Grave.

(Concluded.)

"Silence, sir! Speak not so of my mother; one unkind word of her I will not listen to."

"Nonsense! who thought of saying any thing disrespectful of the old lady? She loves you, I dare say; but come once more, and we will go," and George would drink it to the dregs.

But all this could not be kept from a watchful mother. She heard one night that he had been seen entering the tavern, and her fears took the alarm immediately. Her anguish was heightened when she perceived on his return, from his excited eye and unsteady walk, that he had been drinking.

"George, my son! can it be?" she exclaimed, as she caught his arm frantically, "are you to become a drunkard?"

"Come, mother, I have only been drinking a glass of wine with Frank, and it has got into my head a little—come, do not be frightened," for he was sobered in an instant, by her frenzied look.

"And you, too, George!" she exclaimed, without heeding his words, "have I lived so long for this? did I endure all that misery and live through it to see you a drunkard? have my prayers by night and by day availed me nothing? father and son! both to be—Oh! my God, let it not be so." Then turning wildly around, she cried, "George, as you love—as you wish not to see me a broken-hearted wretch in my grave—as you hope for salvation, swear! swear that you will never put the cursed cup to your lips again, never so much as think of it with a guilty wish, swear! I say, or strike me down here at your feet."

As she uttered the last word, her son sank on his knees, and raising his hand exclaimed, "I swear as I love you and hope for mercy, I swear!" then rising, the mother and son were locked in each other's arms.

"God be praised," she said, "for my poor heart would be broke if you too were lost to me. Let not the tempter prevail again, or you are lost, my son. I know it, George, for 'twas so with him—him your father—he tasted, and the demon snatched him away to a drunkard's grave!"

"Pardon, mother, and this shall be my first and only time of offence while I live."

"Dear George you have it, but oh! beware—avoid the tempter."

And where was he? At the first sound of that mother's voice his guilty conscience smote him, and he slipped without the door, for he dared not meet her eye. His dark and dangerous nature, delighted in doing evil, without thought for the misery of others—such a spirit as the Evil One might well send upon earth to aid his own iniquities. At first, remorse may have touched him; but when he heard her counsel to beware of the tempter, rage and wounded pride banished all other feelings—"Ha! ha! say you so, you swear? let us see, oaths are easily taken and easily broken: ha! ha! She called me tempter, did she? Did she? I will be tempter to some purpose?" and he laid his head upon his pillow that night with the intention of ruining one for whom he professed the holy tie of friendship, and of bringing misery to the door of a helpless widow—his own aunt.

The sun rose bright on the morrow, and both George and Frank felt a mutual hesitation when they met at breakfast. The one felt ashamed for sin committed—the other for sin in contemplation. For a few days no mention was made between them of the matter, but it was easy to perceive that George was acting under some restraint, which was hard for him to bear. Alas! there is but one step, and that once taken, it is a thousand steps back. He felt a craving burning appetite for excitement; the deep-rooted desire could not so easily be eradicated. One evening however, shortly afterwards, as they were sitting alone after tea, Frank proposed that they should take a walk together and light a cigar on their way past the tavern.

"You forget, Frank, surely!"

"Why, there's no harm in stopping a moment to light a cigar!"

"Well, perhaps there is none," replied George, quickly, "but do not ask me to stay a minute longer," and the two started off together on that fatal walk, arm in arm. A short walk brought them to the tavern, and they entered the little bar. Here they found several whom they had met when they were last there, and a conversation immediately commenced. George had not felt in such good spirits for some time; in fact, it was the want of such excitement that he had felt so much. Presently some one invited the rest to step up and take a drink with him; all did so except George.

"Come, man," said his companion, "we are all waiting for you."

"Excuse me," replied George, gently, "but I do not wish to drink to-night."

"What harm can one glass do?" said Frank, with hesitation, for he felt uncertain how George might take his interference.

"You forget my promise, sir!" was the reply.

"Come, come, don't speak so; that was a forced promise, and forced promises are never binding, you know, a mere ruse de guerre; you surely are not afraid that one glass will upset you, are you?"

"As for that matter, I can drink as much as any of you, but I do not choose," replied George, angrily.

"Oh! that is very easy to say, but then the doing it is a different thing, you know, ha! ha!" and a tittering rung through the crowd around. Here was a most dangerous temptation, for such a nature as George's always feels afraid to acknowledge itself afraid of any thing, and is especially irritated and thrown off its guard by any approach to ridicule, and alas, the temptation was too strong to be withstood.

"You think so, do you?" said George.

"Do you dare to try?"

"Do I dare? that's not the question—do you dare?"

"Come here if you wish to know, and let these men judge who is the most daring," and forgetting mother, promise and all, in the wild energy of his nature, he seized the glass and drained it! Lo! how the tempter triumphed, but he was not yet satisfied; he determined to lead him farther on. "One glass and you are lost!" had his mother said, and her words were prophetic.

They drank long and deeply—a crowd soon gathered around them, for one at least was becoming excited; and the flashing eye of George, and his dilating form showed that there was a fire within him now that was blazing and consuming all other emotions save the tickling pleasure that its flames inspired. Frank became seriously alarmed, for he perceived that unless they stopped soon, George would become unmanageable; he therefore said, coaxingly—

"Come, we've had enough, let us stop now."

Stop! ha! ha! no, you dared me to it; let us see then who is the most daring; do you dare to drink this?" and he poured out two glasses full and seized one of them.

"Oh! I did not propose it on my own account," cried Frank, irritated at his words, and imitating him in swallowing the draught—"but, my dear fellow," continued he, ironically, "I was only about to ask you, if you drink any more, how you expect to get home?"

As that last word caught the ear of poor George, inebriated as he was, there flashed across his mind a gleam of misery awful in the extreme—the idea of his mother, his perjury, the dread of witnessing her agony—all condensed into one dark instantaneous thought rushed upon him with such force that he staggered back and had well-nigh fallen.

"What is the matter?" cried Frank, now too late repenting his expression, are you sick?"

When he heard that voice, George raised his pale and trembling face, his eye flashed with such a gleam of determined fury, that the other recoiled in terror. "Sick! villain, sick!" he cried, "double-dyed scoundrel, who brought me here! who tempted me here! devil! answer me! who tempted me?"—ah!—she said, beware the tempter," and his voice sank to a supernatural whisper, and then rose to a wild scream of rage. "Ha! ha! sick! let me clutch thee, tempter, and learn how strong I am." With one sudden and tremendous bound he leaped upon Frank, and shook him with the strength and fury of a demon. They rushed upon them and by main force tore them apart.

"Villains!—unhand me," he shouted hoarsely, "do you dare!—see! he will escape me! he, the tempter! off! let me go, I say—let me—ah-h-h-h." They started from him, for from his ears, his nose, and mouth, there spirted forth a dark red stream of blood, sprinkling those around with its crimson dye; with a loud crash he fell upon the floor.

"Great God!" cried some one, raising him up—"run for a doctor, he has broken a blood vessel!"

So indeed it was—the tide of anguish, remorse, and rage that boiled within his breast, had broken forth in an overwhelming torrent, defying all restraint. The doctor came—but one glance at his flushed countenance and one touch to his pulse was enough—he

was dead! They laid him on a bench, and in mournful silence bore him towards his mother's lonely home.

Young man, I have seen a sight of misery, but anguish such as her's I never witnessed. She had been watching anxiously for the return of her son, and the first sight she caught of him was his dead body borne along by four strong men. She rushed toward them; there was a gurgling in her throat, and without another sound sank in violent hysterics on his corpse. They bore her to her home, and for the live-long night they watched by her side. Not for one moment did she cease from the dreadful fits that shook her poor weak frame. At length the morning broke, and the sun's rays shone brightly through the window on her bed. Suddenly she was still, and they thought, nay, almost hoped, that all was over, but she raised herself on her arm, and gazing calmly around seemed to have forgotten the cause of her grief. In another instant the dreadful scene of the last night rushed upon her mind. "My son! my son! George! good God! was it true?—dead!—Oh! mercy! mercy! my heart is b-r-o-k-e-n!" and with a convulsive sob she fell back on the pillow—they raised her up, but life had fled!

But where was the tempter? he was gone, and no one hereabouts has since beheld him, and if that mother's shriek does not haunt him through this world, it will give him no peace in the next. They bore them to the grave, and placed them side by side, the mother and her son, and no one has lived in that house since. Such is my tale.

The old man ceased, and the tear of memory stood in his eye. We left the spot together, but never do I enter a grave-yard that I do not think of "The Mother's Grave." C. J. P.

If there be a pleasure on earth which angels cannot enjoy, and which they might almost envy man the possession of, it is the power of relieving distress. If there be a pain which devils might pity man for enduring, it is the death-bed reflection that we have possessed the power of doing good, but that we have abused and perverted it to purposes of ill.

EARTHENWARE, CHINA, AND GLASS.

THOMAS PURSELL has just imported, per ships Pacific and Hampden, from Liverpool and other sources, one hundred and thirteen packages of the above articles, of the newest style and from the best manufactories, such as—

French and English china dinner, tea, and toilet Sets, or pieces detached
Canton china, pearl, white, blue, stone china and blue printed, and figured Plates
Dishes, Bowls, Vases, (a great variety)

In a word, his very extensive Stock embraces almost every article usually kept in such establishments.

Dixon's English Britannia Tea and Coffee Sets, and plated Castors

And, also, American Britannia Coffee and tea Sets, or pieces separate

Castors, Lamps, Candlesticks, Mugs, covered Pitchers Table and Tea Spoons, Covered Urns and Brigs, &c.

Solar, land, or oil Lamps
Lamp Glasses and Wicks, of almost every size

Ivory-handled and other Knives and Forks, in complete sets or separate

Plated and brass Candlesticks, Snuffers and Trays
Waiters, Looking-Glasses, Shovel and Tongue

Cut, pressed, and plain Tumblers, Wines
Champagnes, Finger Bowls, Wine Coolers, Claret

Decanters, Fruit Baskets, Dishes, Lamps, &c.

A large assortment of common Ware, suitable for retailing. All of which will be sold, wholesale and retail, as cheap as the very cheapest.

English Pipes in boxes
First quality Stone Ware at the factory prices.

As the subscriber is determined to reduce his heavy stock of Goods he intends to sell low, and solicits a call from his friends and the public generally at his store opposite Browns' Hotel, Pennsylvania avenue. THOMAS PURSELL.
Nov. 18—2m

CHAPPED HANDS AND FACES CURED.

Persons wishing a very smooth skin should test my genuine Bay Rum and Spermaceti Soap. I will guaranty that one bottle of the Bay Rum and one cake of the Soap will give to the face and hands a beautiful polish. For sale at
Fancy and Perfumery Store,
Pennsylvania avenue, between 9th and 10th sts.,
Where can be had a fresh supply of Rose Lip Salve and Paley's Cold Cream. dec 30—1f

D. CLAGETT & CO.,
DEALERS IN FANCY AND STAPLE DRY GOODS, CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS, CURTAIN STUFFS, &c.
Corner of 9th street & Penn. avenue, WASHINGTON, D. C.
Nov. 4 1f 1

GEORGE COLLARD,
DEALER IN LUMBER, WOOD, COAL, LIME SAND, AND CEMENT.
Corner of 6th st. and Missouri Avenue.
Nov. 4 2—

ENGRAVING AND COPPERPLATE PRINTING, BY
J. V. N. THROOP,
Pennsylvania avenue, between 1st and 2d streets, near the Capitol.
N. B. Engraving on Wood. Nov. 4—y

ULYSSES WARD,
DEALER IN LUMBER, LIME, & CEMENT, TWELFTH STREET AND CANAL.
Nov. 4 2—y

HORSE AND CATTLE AUCTION.—Regular sales of HORSES and CATTLE will be held at the Centre Market space, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday morning, commencing at nine o'clock.
B. HOMANS,
Auctioneer.
dec 20—1f

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

THE WAR OF FOUR THOUSAND YEARS; Being a Connected History of the Various Efforts Made to Suppress the Vice of Intemperance in all Ages of the World; from the Foundation of the Class of Nazaries, by Moses, to the Institution of the Order of the Sons of Temperance, inclusive; with a Full Account of the Origin, Progress, and Present Prospects of the Latter Institution. By P. S. White & H. R. Pleasants. Philadelphia: Griffin and Simon, 114 North Third-street. 1846.

Contents.—Book I, Chapter I, Division of the Work; Chapter II, Wines of Antiquity; Chapter III, Wine an Agricultural Product; Chapter IV, Wine, when spoken of as a Blessing in the Old Testament; Chapter V, Wine, when spoken of as a Blessing in the New Testament; Chapter VI, Wine Denounced as a Curse in the Old Testament; Chapter VII, Wine Denounced in the New Testament; Book II, Chapter I, Temperance among the Heathens; Chapter II, Rome; Book III, Chapter I, Imperial Rome; Chapter II, Transalpine Nations; Chapter III, The Discovery of Alcohol; Chapter IV, Ardent Spirits; Chapter V, Intemperance in Connection with the Church; Chapter VI, Efforts to Suppress Intemperance from the Apostles to the year 1800; Book IV, Chapter I, Origin and Progress of Temperance Societies down to the year 1833; Chapter II, From 1833 to the end of 1834; Chapter III, Includes the Years 1835 and 1836; Chapter IV, Includes 1837 and 1838; Chapter V, Includes 1839; Chapter VI, The Washingtonian Movement; Chapter VII, Sons of Temperance, Conclusion; Appendix, No. 1, Extracts from Columella; Appendix, No. 2, Noah's Letter, &c.

We cordially recommend the above work to the temperance public.

The agent, Mr. West, is now in the city with a copy of the work, for the purpose of procuring subscribers. Subscriptions received at this office.

A CARD.

THE subscriber begs leave to say to members of Congress and others, that he has several good rooms which he will let on accommodating terms, either furnished or unfurnished, located on the South side of Pennsylvania avenue, between 9th and 10th streets, and equidistant between the Capitol and the public offices. I have also two of the best cellars in the city, which I will rent in part or the whole, or receive goods on storage. This is a good opportunity for butchers or market people.
L. S. BECK.

JUST FROM THE MINT!!!

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

L. S. BECK & SON, would take this method of notifying the citizens of Washington and the adjacent counties of Maryland and Virginia, that they have commenced the house furnishing business in all its various branches, on Pennsylvania avenue, South side, between 9th and 10th streets, where they intend keeping a constant supply of new and second hand goods, and promise to sell on the most reasonable terms. We, therefore, solicit a call from our friends and the public generally, as we intend selling at a VERY SLIGHT PROFIT. We would enumerate in part the following: Ivory, Bone and Cocoa handled knives and forks; White, Black and Brown handled do; Carvers, Forks and Steels; Shovels, Tongs and Pokers; German Silver, Britannia and Iron, Table, Dessert and Tea Spoons; Ladles, Skimmers and Forks; Drip and Stove Pans; Stair Rods; Tea Waiters, assorted sizes; Brass Candlesticks; Britannia Tea and Coffee Pots, Writing Paper, Chopping Axes, Wood Saws and Bucks, Hatchets, Hearth, sweeping Whitewash, Dusting, Shoe, and Horse Brushes; Britannia and Painted Spitoons; Adams', Wilson's, Livingston's, and other Coffee Mills; Mouse Traps, Nutmeg Graters, Japanese Candlesticks, Lamps, and Tea Caddies, Snuffers and Trays; Pad, and other Locks and Keys; Butchers Knives, Bread Baskets, Hand-saws, Hammers, &c., &c. Also, a good assortment of Holloware, Ovens, Pots, Kettles, Skillets and Griddles; Cinder Shovels, and Coal Rods; Brass Top Fire Fenders; Scissors, Curtain Bands and Pins; P. M. Saucepans, Cut and Wrought Nails, Handirons, Sadirons, &c., &c., with an assortment of Cabinet Furniture, such as Sideboards, Beaureaus, Tables, Chairs, Bedsteads, and Bedding, Washstands, Basins and Ewers, China, Glass, Queens, and Crockery Ware; Carpets and hearth Rugs; Tin ware, &c., &c.
N. B. All manner of goods received on commission, except Aleoholic Liquors.
Nov 29—1f

NOTICE TO THE AFFLICTED WITH LAMENESS.

DR. WATERMAN SWEET, Natural Bone Setter, from Amsterdam, Montgomery co., N. Y., will be at Coleman's Hotel a few days to attend to all who are afflicted with Lameness. He is in Norfolk, Va.

JOHN CONNELLY.

CHEAP CABINET, SOFA, AND CHAIR MAN, MANUFACTURER AND UNDERTAKER.

He informs his friends and the public, that he is prepared to execute all orders in the above business, with which he may be favored. He hopes to receive a liberal share of public patronage.

N. B.—Funerals attended to at the shortest notice, and on the most reasonable terms, warranted to give satisfaction.
Nov. 4—1f

R. W. BATES, NEARBY TAILOR, Penn.

sylvania avenue, near War Department.

Would respectfully call the attention of the citizens of Washington and Georgetown, to his stock of fall and winter Goods of the latest importation, consisting of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, which he will make up to order in a style not to be surpassed in the District, and upon terms which can not fail to suit the purchaser.

He has also a good assortment of fancy articles, such as Stocks, Suspenders, Scarfs, Gloves, &c., which he will sell at low prices.
nov 8—1m